

windless valley with a still cypress-wood
 behind it, and
 a waveless lake before, in whose depths
 flitted only the
 mute shadows of her sacred fish. They
 were the only
 life there—they, and the bright eyes of mice
 that peeped
 from the corners of her marble precinct in
 the drowsy
 afternoons, and the bats that circled round
 it as evening
 fell. Her priesthood, in white, unrustling
 robes and felt-
 soled sandals, bowed before the goddess in
 the grey of
 each dusk and dawn. No sacrifice burned
 on her altar,
 only a perpetual and uncrackling flame. But
 behind sat
 enthroned the statue of the goddess herself,
 carved in
 white marble; her face resting on one hand
 which hid her
 lips, and full of that strange calm which
 lives in the loob
 of those who hear no longer the noises of
 the world*
 Beneath her feet passed sculptured in a
 winding frieze
 the multitudinous deities, whose reign she
 has preceded
 and will hereafter close: on either side of her,
 like watch-
 dogs, lay a couchant sphinx; in the empty
 courts about
 her nodded hemlock and ;\$oppi£S left
 unmown. But her
 worship, though not her.tmgdonvperished
 with Atlantis:
 above her temple-roc^'lies now, as the fiery
 dust above
 Pompeii, the soundless^nd sunless slackness
 of the Atlantic
 sea/